



## Forget Me



18 4 1

### Chapter 1 by Fanwizard

“Amelia! Stop glaring at your brother like that!” Mom scolded me sharply from the driver’s seat. “He’s not even my brother,” I insisted, slumping down even further in the passenger seat. I hated Brent, and Mom kept calling him my brother, even though we weren’t related. “We’re not even related yet.”

We had just been in an argument about Mom and Keith, and I wasn’t in the mood to talk to anyone. Especially the person who would be giving me a new step dad and annoying bratty step-brother who had divorced Dad.

“Please try to enjoy this summer,” Mom begged. She knew I wouldn’t enjoy it, so she avoided my eyes as she spoke. “With. . . your father.”

I noticed Mom hesitated before saying ‘your father.’ Since Mom and Dad had gotten divorced last year, Mom started calling Dad ‘your father’ instead of saying ‘Dad,’ like they had never been married.

While I was stuck at Dad’s for the summer with Ellie and annoying, bratty, spoiled Brent, Mom was waltzing off to get married to that creep, Keith, then go on a relaxing honeymoon in Paris, England, etc. Basically, anywhere fancy in the world because Keith was loaded.

“Keith spent all that money at the mall just for you,” Mom reminded me for the millionth time.

“He’s trying.”

“Well he’s not trying hard enough!” Mom yelled. Keith suddenly decides to buy all these designer clothes and Mom was silent, trying to figure out if being a good future stepfather was to bribe me with designer clothes with professional makeup and nail polish kits.

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but I wasn't falling for it. Under the layer of fancy business suits lay a heart of stone. I glanced at the back seat. Ellie's been awfully quiet since we started driving. Ellie had her phone in her hands, most likely texting her friends. Her earbuds were plugged into the side as she continued staring blankly at her screen.

Mom had decided that she would drive us there, to spend some family time together' in the car for eighteen long hours. It would have fine without Brent, but nooooo. We had to drag him along to annoy me.

I took out my cell phone to see if it was done charging on the portable charger I had brought. UGH. Still not done yet. Unzipping my duffel bag, I took out my iPod and blue earbuds, and turned it on, even though Mom had told me not to a million times. So what? Mom wasn't the boss of me. I did what I wanted to.

Mom glanced at the iPod and sighed, but didn't say anything. I plugged in my earbuds, and began blasting music to try to defuse my grumpiness. She didn't want a teenager yet, claiming she wasn't ready. I was already a teenager, for four years already.

"Are we there yet?" Brent asked from the backseat, interrupting my pop music blaring in my ears.

"No," I snapped before Mom could say anything. "It's your fault you didn't bring anything interesting." Brent had been whining about being bored the whole car ride, but it was his fault he didn't pack a duffel bag like I did.

"How much longer?" Brent complained, an edge of whining on end of his words. Since Mom started dating Keith a while ago, Brent had discovered how to get on my nerves easily.

"Hours," I shot back as I turned back to my music, and turned the volume as loud as it could before my eardrums exploded to ignore Brent.

"How 'bout now?" Brent interrupted my music once again, shouting at the top of his lungs. "Are we there yet?"

"NO!" I shouted, pausing my music, took my earbuds out of my ears, then turned around to glare daggers at Brent. "We won't be there for hours!"

Now, I realized, I hadn't glared, or yelled at Ellie since our parents started fighting two years ago. She's really lost the whole annoying little sister thing, and became even more mature than I

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I ignored her, took my hairbrush out of my duffel bag, and started brushing my hair. It wasn't like I had anything better to do since Brent had stolen my phone and used up all the battery. I slumped down further into my seat. Mom looked over at me, and sighed deeply.

"Marigold!" Brent shouted. "Amelia's being a meanie to me!"

"Brent, sweetie," Mom said, her voice softening. "Amelia's irritated, that's all. She's a teenager now, almost an adult."

No, I thought grumpily as Mom finally arrived at the beach. *Brent's being a complete brat and he deserves it.*

"Daddy!" Ellie said, running down to meet Dad as he stood from his porch.

"Hey sweetheart!" Dad said, scooping Ellie up and planting a kiss on her cheek. "You've gotten so tall!"

"Stuart," Mom said, nodding towards Dad as she took out Ellie's lavender suitcase from the trunk.

"Marigold," Dad said, helping Mom unload the car, leaning over to remove my suitcase. Brent stayed in the backseat, being the brat he was.

"How's my Amelia doing?" Dad asked as he placed Ellie back onto the ground and ruffled my hair.

"Fab," I mumbled, glancing up at Dad's huge beach house, looming over the water's edge.

"Why don't you explore the beach honey while your father and I unload the car?" Mom asked.

"Miami's gorgeous this time of the year."

"Sounds like a great idea," Dad said, helping Mom pull out my suitcase out from the trunk.

"Fine," I said, walking away from Dad's beach house and toward the beach, where I heard the sounds of shouts and waves roaring in my ears, the smell of salt in the hot air.

I'm texting on my phone to my best friend Carolina and she's texting back about her boyfriend and having coffee with him when I stumble on something I don't notice.

A rainbow beach umbrella falls gently to the hot sand, and I bend to pick it, dropping my phone into the sand.

"Sorry, sorry," I said, setting the umbrella back into place as neatly as it was before I tripped.

"It's alright" a gentle voice said from where the person sat the entire time while I tripped over

the umbrella.

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I squint to take a better look at the person who spoke.

It's a girl around my age. She has long brown hair braided in a loose side braid under a white visor. She wears a white tank top and dark sunglasses that take up half up her face. She's average looking, yet pretty. This person looks familiar, yet strange.

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"Do I know you?" I asked, setting my sunglasses on top of my head to get a better look.

## Chapter 2 by Fanwizard



Katherine

The girl standing in front of me is very pretty, with tropical ocean blue eyes, high cheekbones, and long, silky honey colored hair. The girl is tall and slender, looking around twenty one. She's wearing a diamond blue strapless sundress, and open toed sandals, and her toenails are painted lavender.

But the way she squints her eyes and the way she frowns even though her ocean blue eyes sparkle and the corner of her mouth turns up, it's very familiar. Especially the way her cheeks flush.

It's almost like I've met her before, which I know sounds totally crazy, but still. That's when I catch sight of the silver Partners In Crime necklace dangling from her neck, well worn yet still shiny.

"Amelia?"

Amelia

I stumble backward, too shocked to speak. A complete stranger knows who I am? I'm either really famous, or Dad told a complete stranger about his oldest daughter from Texas.

"Who are you?" I asked, my hand almost instantly going to my Partners in crime necklace.

The stranger smiles almost instantly as she looks me up and down, as if she couldn't drink in the sight of me in my blue sundress and open toed sandals.

"Omigosh, Amelia, it's me, Katherine Thomas. Like from sixth grade?" the stranger who claims is Katherine Thomas from like, six years ago.

"Prove it," I said. I wasn't about to prance off, believing the stranger in front of me is my ex-BFF. Katherine takes the necklace from her neck, a silver Partners in Crime heart identical to mine, and holds it up.

"I got you a signed copy of the Fault in Our Stars for your birthday," Katherine said. "Need anymore proof?"

"What happened while we were in Washington D.C in April by the cherry blossoms?" I

demand.

"You fell into the water and gave me a heart attack," Katherine said. "And a reporter said you were going on a fashion show." I stare at her, not believing what she's saying. "That's when I finally believed you were the greatest friends I ever had. It was possible."

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"Katherine?" I asked, surprised, startled, shocked, yet happy at the exact same time. "Is it really you?"

"It's me Amelia," Katherine said, beaming. "I thought, well I thought I would never see you again. Do you still have my scrapbook and copy of the Fault in Our Stars from your twelfth birthday?"

"Are you kidding? Yes, of course I do dummy!" I shout, earning me a few side glances from other people laying on the sand, tanning themselves in the hot June sun on blankets.

"Why are you here?" Katherine asked, putting her sunglasses on top of her hat and getting a better look at me.

"Errrr." I didn't know how to explain years' worth of events, how Mom and Dad started fighting, and got divorced a few weeks later, how Mom dated that creep Keith, how I had to stay with Dad's for the summer while Mom married Keith.

"I'm staying with my dad for the summer," I decided. "My parents are divorced now, and Mom's marrying this guy named Keith who's kinda gonna become my step dad and I'm getting this new step brother who's a total brat."

Katherine winced. "Ouch. Must be tough getting a new brother. Hey, where's Ellie? I wanna go see her."

"Er, she's in my dad's beach house," I said, watching as the waves lapped back and forth, like a thirsty dog, attempting to climb onto the solid sand but never able to, instead dragging the sand back into the waves.

"Come on," Katherine said, wheeling away from her spot in the sand. "You need to unpack, and I wanna see Ellie."

"Here's where you'll be sleeping for the next few months," Dad said, leading me to my room.

"Amazing, isn't it?"

The walls were painted an ocean blue, with bunk beds pushed in the corner that were surrounded by a light blue canopy. There's a silk blanket on the top bunk decorated with deep blue butterflies. A cyan couch and table sat near each other, and the table had seashells pressed into it. Dad had also propped a jewelry box covered with seashells on it. A nightstand table had a lamp, seashells, and more of my favorite books. There is a wooden desk with a desk lamp that looked like it was made from wood. A wooden stool sat waiting at the desk. This cloth

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beds were that was covered with a picture of palm trees and sand with waves so realistically painted, I could almost hear it roaring and feel the sun on my cheeks.

But the best part was the porch. Behind only two diamond blue curtains was a clean white porch with a rocking chair. The view is beautiful, perfectly stationed for the person to gaze into the blue ocean.

"Pretty cool," I allowed myself, falling onto the flat couch which was surprisingly comfortable.

"And if you need anything, just give a shout," Dad said, walking out of the room. "In the meantime, unpack."

Katherine had been called inside for lunch, but would be returning at two, when I was finished unpacking and Mom and Dad would be in the same house without arguing (hopefully). I unzipped my suitcase, and pulled out all my clothes and books, organizing everything into the closet and drawers.

"What college did Amelia get into?" Dad asked quietly, his voice hushed, barely whispering.

"Juilliard University," an edge of sadness was in Mom's voice. "The best university we could hope for."

"That's marvelous," Dad said, sounding relieved. I could almost see him smiling in delight. "I once was a Juilliard student myself. When is she-"

"She's not going," Mom said flatly. "Amelia made up her mind already, and you knows how stubborn she is."

"Why?" Dad asked, the relief draining from his voice. "This is the best path she could possibly wish for, and she doesn't want to go."

"She's made up her mind," Mom repeated. "It's her decision. Now if you don't mind, I'll be leaving now."

I closed my eyes. I already knew I wouldn't go to Juilliard University, no matter how much Mom begged and Keith bribed me with snobby stuff. Someone knocked at the door, and Mom stood up to open the door while Dad tapped his fingers on the table.

"Hi, I'm Marigold Allen," Mom said politely. "Are you one of those neighbors that live nearby?"

"It's so nice to see you again, Mrs. Allen," Katherine said, taking off her sunglasses so Mom could get a better look.

"Do I know you?" Mom asked, clearly puzzled. "You look awfully familiar."

"As a matter of fact you do," Katherine said. "I don't remember, I barely would anyways. I'm Katherine Thomas."

Mom gasped. "You mean you're the girl that moved here in Pearland, Texas?"

Katherine nodded. "I moved from Phoenix, Arizona to Pearland about four years ago."

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"My, you look so mature now, Katherine," Mom said, beaming at Katherine the way mothers tend to do.

"Thanks Mrs. Allen," Katherine said calmly in the way that definitely was the Katherine I knew and loved. "Is Amelia home? I'd like to talk to her for a few hours, thank you very much."

"Amelia! Katherine's here!" Mom called as the sounds of Dad tapping his fingers stop almost immediately.

I descend down the stairs, examining the pictures on the wall of Ellie and me together when we were both toddlers and got along pretty well. But there's no pictures of Mom or Dad's wedding.

"Have fun, you two," Mom said before shutting the door. I hope Mom and Dad don't start fighting again. Ellie doesn't deserve more noise from Mom and Dad arguing over the smallest things.

"You never told me you moved," I accused Katherine once we're out of earshot of the beach house, which is perched on the edge of the grass before the hot sand begins with the tourists. Katherine shrugged, like it was no big deal that I got to see my friend after five years. "Now you know."

"Did you get a new dog?" I asked, remembering the one Christmas we spent together talking about dogs.

"Yep, her name's Stella, like your dog," Katherine said. "I've had her for about two years."

"You named her after my dog, how sweet," I said, remembering how loyal Star was. "Star died a few months ago."

"Awww," Katherine said, hugging me. "You must really miss her. She was a really good dog. How old was she?"

"Like, seven, in dog years," I said, feeling a twinge of sadness as I remembered all those good memories about Star.

"That's old for a dog," Katherine said quietly. "But enough for that sad stuff. We're going to feel bad for months."

"Yeah," I replied, remembering how Star used to greet me everyday after school. "Oh, and remember Angeline?"

"What happened to her?" Katherine asked. "How could I forget about Angeline and Skylar?"

"Last time I heard from them they started attending private high school. So, right about graduation," I said.

I hadn't even seen Angeline or Skylar since right before graduation, which was like, four years ago. I wondered if they were still friends. Mrs. Brown had emailed me a few times, but Angeline wasn't included.

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"Thank God they're out of your hair," Katherine said, clearly relieved. "I didn't miss them when I moved."

"I hang out with my friends Carolina, Eliza, and Ellen every Saturday at the mall or try to catch a movie," I said. "We used to go to the pool every day in the summer and eat ice cream together." Katherine's smile turned sad. "That's one of the things I wish I could do. Swim. It must be fun."

"Hey, do you wanna get some ice cream?" I asked, trying to brighten the mood as I saw an ice cream truck.

"Why not?" Katherine asked, pulling out her wallet and removing a ten dollar bill folded in three times.

I bought a Choco Taco, my ultimate favorite ice cream, while Katherine got an Oreo ice cream sandwich. I sat on a beach blanket while Katherine sat under an umbrella beside me.

"Mmmm," I said, biting again into my Choco Taco, letting the delicious sweetness soak in. "Isn't this wonderful?"

Katherine laughed, a vanilla mustache on her top lip. It reminded me of old times, like when we were still tweens and throwing parties together. "After all these years, I'm happy to see you again."

"Isn't it amazing how life is one thing but in the next second, completely something else?" I asked, watching as a few teenager boys around my age surfed the clear waves.

"You helped me figure that out years ago," Katherine said quietly. "With Angeline and Skylar being jerks."

"It was you that helped me," I said, finishing the last of my Choco Taco and watching as a dad picked up his tween daughter from the waves, laughing while a mom sat on a beach blanket, watching a toddler create a sloppy sandcastle.

Maybe if Dad and Mom hadn't gotten divorced, that could be Dad, swooping down and picking me up from the waves while Mom watched Ellie be her toddler self creating messy sandcastles. But no. Things had changed forever, and it definitely wasn't for the better. Nothing would ever be the same for me again.

Katherine

"Omigosh, she looks just like you in middle school!" I said, hugging Ellie tight. "She's eleven now, right?"

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Goldie.”

“That was you?” Ellie asked, clearly shocked as she stares at me. “You gave me Knuffle Bunny?” I laughed, tousling Ellie’s hair. “You were soooo adorable when you were five. You were a miniature Amelia.”

Amelia blushed, but she smiles. “Wanna see my room? It’s has an awesome view that I have to show you.”

“Why not?” I asked, wheeling myself up the ramp. I wanted to get to know the almost adult Amelia as much as possible. The room is amazing, with big windows letting the salty breeze enter. I wished I could swing on the hammock while sleeping or sit on the flat couch, reading some amazing book, but life ain’t always perfect.

“This jewelry box is beautiful,” I said, picking up the box and tracing the outline of the shells, smooth and delicate as glass. “Where’d you get it?”

“Uh, Dad placed it in my room,” Amelia said, sitting down on the flat couch. “I think this is his gift for me.”

“Very pretty,” I said, placing the box back on the table before letting myself onto the porch.

“It must be nice living here,” Amelia said. “With parents that don’t fight, and no bratty little brother. And a dog.”

“Will your parents let you have a dog?” I asked, watching the swaying of the rocking chair. Back and forth.

“Keith hates dogs,” Amelia said bitterly. “Keith’s decision is the family’s decision. No arguing or I’m grounded.”

“Hey, do you remember my brother Ken?” I asked. “The one in College and hardly ever talks to me?”

“Yeah,” Amelia nodded slowly. “The one you barely talk about and have only mentioned once.”

“He graduated a year ago from College, and now he’s married to this woman named Mirabella,” I said. “I was one of the bridesmaid for the wedding. Sadly, I was forced into a dress. You’re lucky you don’t have to attend your mom’s wedding.”

“I don’t want to think about it,” Amelia said defensively. “Because I have to live with them til I go to College and I will hardly see Dad anymore because my mom took Ellie and me and left him alone.”

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“Amelia, stop blaming yourself,” I said, taking Amelia’s hands into mine. “It’s not your fault. You know it isn’t.”

Amelia was silent, watching a kid try to climb onto a surfboard, then fall on his face, laughing.

“I have to go,” I said, glancing at the time on my phone and discovering it was six twenty three. Dinnertime.

“Bye,” Amelia said, her eyes unable to meet mine as she stopped rocking in the white rocking chair for a second before beginning again.

So I left.

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